

"Mr & Mrs" Douglas Cruger request the favour of Mr
Z. C.'s company to-dinner, tomorrow at 5 o'clock."
12. S. V. P.

Shall I go? My mind is not made up. I shall take
time to consider. Where will Miss A. be, all this time?
She will be indifferent to it all, in her new character
of chaperone of Schwellenberg. Sander, I was told,
has, at last. Do you know how? By a horse made of
wood and stuffed with men.

Sander, dear, put that book in your seraglio. I have
an other copy, and shall be proud to have you accept
mine. I offered it at 50, but no - it was not in High
Dutch, and she would not have it. Do you take it, my
dear, and keep it for my sake. All the Dutch men
living will not get it out of your nice little hands, I am
certain.

I have a request to make. Ask Cousin Henry how he
is getting on - if she appeal, pay, or what? Then, when he
has told you, sit down and write me another little
letter, so that I may know how things are going on.
He will not write in a month, and I have as much
curiosity as a girl. Not reading High Dutch you are
my only channel of communication. I am quite
serious in making this request.

When you see Aunt Nancy express my regards. I
shall take an early opportunity to do down my self. I
used to be an intimate acquaintance, and I was
a great admirer of her, and a warm friend of the

Can in order. The great obstacle to intercourse is the great
deafness. That has kept me away from her house these
dozen years.

I wish to be remembered to your aunt (Doreen) and all
your sisters. As I am banished from 55 we'll have a time
around your tea - pot. The carriage goes on the 12th 11th!
He'll never go alone. Somebody told one of them High
Dutch men that Napoleon was dead - "He died!" you
don't know him." was the answer. "He gone, you don't
know him." Let him stay; I can find plenty of tea.

Scissors I am not only a scamp - I'm a cat. For
eleven years have I stared at the globe. I have a love
for places, just like a cat. I have seen the globe go
down, down, down, until it has fallen into the
hands of my own waiter, yet I do not like to leave it.
Cruzer must soon leave his house, where I have been
so much at home this many a year, and then I
shall not have a visiting friend below Franklin Street.
No, I am a cat - a cat and a scamp. Long after 55
is deserted I shall be seen hovering around its venerable
bricks, looking for mice. What Cruzer talks of her veneration
for that building - it is contempt, compared
to mine. I have some such feeling for the globe. I
cannot quit it without mature reflection. Of one
thing you may be assured, however - when the
rent of the house decreases as low as "Berts" I'll
pull on my own boots and walk out of it.

I am coming to town in cog. intending to see no one

for a fortnight. Then I shall go and see you, my first
visit will be to you. After that we'll have a time!

Should you see Miss Lewis, give her my homage.
I do not think her much my friend, but give her my
homage. It is Christian to love those that persecute
you, and to pray for those that desperately injure you.
Give her my homage, therefore.

Should you happen to see Miss Caroline, give her my
most profound respects to her. If you can see it in
High Dutch so much the better.

I sent them some bars and Henry writes me word
they are "nearly as good as Charleston whittings".
A competent company so pronounced them. I sup-
pose that "love of a shill" was one of the party.
She and the engraver settling in judgment on
my poor, dear, little bars. Well, I must be a great
descriptive writer, I acknowledge. Spun-Tan surely, as
the saying is, have I ~~not~~ accurately described these
bars, for they were iron, and they were dear, and
they were little.

Talking of size, I am so thin you would n't see me.
No Dejeu butcher would buy me. Even the tall chand-
lers would reject me - I might do for soap, for putting
so much in, some might come off, but clearly I would
never do for candles. I would n't burn. I intend to
sell myself for an 'atony'. Seven pounds, four, two
inches in circumference, and altogether attenuated
I in so soon that works this change. When late?

adieu, my dear child,

Saidie

J. Denmore Cooper

m-2
125
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Hall, Coopers Town, Jan. 11th 1850

Saidie, dear, many thanks. Cider should never be
drunk out of silver. An earthen mug for cider, pewter
for beer, and silver for punch. I shall take a mug
with me when I go for the cider, which I trust I shall
have not drunk quite up.

Jingle, jingle go the sleigh bells. Have you been to
hear Mrs Hemble, if not wait and go with me. My old
companion is look to me, and you shall henceforth
you shall take her place. I'll drink your tea, and cider,
be your beer, send you grapes - some grapes will they
be to her - and take you all over town.

Saidie, dear, don't say "city". It is quite as bad as
'them'. In 'town', out of 'town'. Leave 'town' in the pretty
wood, and city is corkney.

Your nice little letter reached my nice little hands
in perfect safety. It came through all the snow, warm
and friendly, and was very acceptable.

Yes we'll go and hear Mrs Hemble; you, and I, and
deara. If any body else wishes to go, let them wait
until she reads in High Dutch. I will drink your
bakea - I don't like High Dutch tea.

Shortly after I get to town - not to the city, dear - I
expect to receive a note in these words -